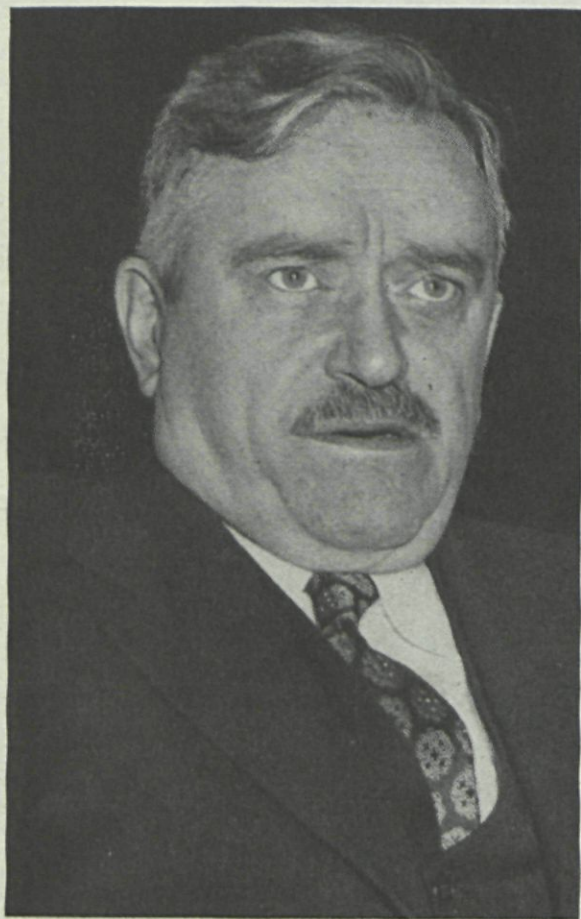


# I POSED AS A COMMUNIST FOR THE FBI

By **MATT CVETIC** as told to **PETE MARTIN**

**The communists never suspected that one of their hardest workers was a pipeline to the FBI. They gave Matt Cvetic important jobs, and he gathered damning evidence for the day when he could at last put the finger on them all.**



Earl Browder was head of the Communist Party when Cvetic joined. He was deposed in 1945.



Roy Hudson (speaking) was a party organizer. He asked Cvetic to get figures on Pittsburgh industry from Government files.



George Pirinski, Soviet-trained secretary of the Slav Congress.

## PART TWO

**P**RETENDING to be a communist took more time than either the FBI or I had thought it would when, in 1941, I agreed to work for it as one of its Pittsburgh undercover men. For one thing, I hadn't counted on having to attend the showing of communist movies. The party had its own projection machines—most of them were owned by the International Workers Order or by some other front organization—and propaganda films were being constantly shown in various halls and at the communist headquarters at 943 Liberty Avenue, in the city's Golden Triangle.

The propaganda movies I remember best were those made in Czechoslovakia or in Yugoslavia before Tito and Stalin disagreed. Before that, we couldn't seem to get enough films glamorizing Tito. Some of them highlighted the blessings enjoyed by the countries inside the communist bloc. But most of them glorified the military might of communist governments. The defense of Stalingrad was a favorite theme. The military strength of "freed" Poland was another. Then, when Tito's love affair with the Cominform curdled, we tossed all of the Tito-glamorizing films on the dump heap.

The fifteen dollars weekly plus expenses I got from the FBI at the beginning of my undercover work was supposed to pay for the time I spent attending perhaps one party meeting a week. The way it worked out, I had to plow most of the money I got

from the FBI right back into being a commie. I made small contributions to the party fund. I subscribed to everything that a comrade was supposed to subscribe to, not only to the Daily and Sunday Worker but to the party organ called Political Affairs. And I began to join various front organizations. This ate up not only my pay but my FBI expense allowance too, for every time I joined a new front, it meant new dues and special assessments for fund drives.

When I wasn't busy at the job at the United States Employment Service that paid my living expenses or going to Red movies or attending party meetings, I was attending a school taught by a party-line brain, a man named Jerry Benton. Benton spouted such words and phrases as "Trotskyist deviationists," "petty-bourgeois compromiser," as well as that pet party brain twister, "dialectic materialism." Most of what he said was Greek to me, and I still don't know what most of it means. But some of the other phrases I absorbed weren't so weird. I learned to talk about "permanent revolution," "exploiters of the toiling masses" and "the dictatorship of the proletariat." Certainly it wasn't hard to learn to toss such epithets as "Fascist dogs" around.

There was a lot of high-sounding talk about "the science of Marxism" and "the science of Leninism," but they seemed strange sciences to me if those who preached about them had to keep a symbolical gun pointed at your back to make sure you kept on being "scientific." Then, too, I had the uneasy thought

that that gun wasn't altogether symbolical. I heard of one party member who'd been found hanged under peculiar circumstances. He was officially listed as a suicide, but the other party members gave a sarcastic emphasis to the word "suicide" when they used it in referring to his death.

My studies included courses in how the party functions; how the committees through which it operates are set up; how they get their results. Nobody seemed to think it odd that at times Hitler was held up to us as a model. "Of course, Hitler is a pile of filth," I was told, "but, after all, he did get control of Germany through winning its youth. We must do the same thing with our youth."

In the party we used three organizational terms—clubs, branches and cells. A club means a community organization or a sizable group of party members. A branch is a section of a club working in a specific industry. When we talked about a Food Branch, it meant a group working in a food-processing plant, such as the H. J. Heinz Company. A Shop Branch would be a group working in a steel mill. A cell was a group of comrades working within a branch. We had a branch in the Jones & Laughlin Steel Corporation, but the party members who worked in one section of Jones & Laughlin were called a cell.

After I could find my way around in the party's mazes without getting lost, I was made a member of the executive committee of the party's Tom Paine Professional Branch in Pittsburgh. It was the duty





HARRY SALTZMAN

A pistol was comforting to own during the years Cvetic worked undercover, but he rarely dared carry it for fear of arousing suspicion.

of this committee to plan the agenda for the meetings of the Professional Branch and its various clubs. Such agenda were carefully worked out in advance, so that no one would depart a fraction of an inch from the line handed down to us each day in the *Daily Worker*. Because of my placement-interviewer job with the United States Employment Service, I was rated a "professional." It was also the duty of that executive committee to organize educational discussions and to assign such jobs as collecting dues, selling and distributing the *Daily Worker* and other party literature.

When I'd been on the executive committee of the Tom Paine Professional Branch for six or seven months, I was told that I was expected to lead my first educational discussion. Since so many of the phrases used by the party's high domes were double talk to me, I knew that leading that discussion would be an ordeal. I took home an armful of books on party theory and boned up on them for a solid week.

I managed to sop up enough theory so that, although what I said wasn't too clear to me when I got up before the group, I did all right. The meeting was held at the home of a communist organizer and, after it was over, he and his wife congratulated me on the "rapid progress" I'd made, and asked me to stick around for sandwiches and coffee.

Maybe that's why Max Weiss, who was then the party's district organizer, but who in 1949 was the Midwest regional co-ordinator for the Communist Party, invited me to a meeting held in the party's offices in the Bakewell Building. Pete Karapa, who

was the city secretary of the party, and one or two others who were present told me that because of my Slavic background I could be useful to them in the nationality field. I said I'd try, and asked them what they wanted me to do. Their idea was for me to become active in Slovenian fraternal organizations and to work closely with people of Slovenian descent. On the following Sunday I dropped in at one of the Slovenian fraternal halls. I hadn't been near one for years, but I was welcomed, and it wasn't long before I was a member of the Slovene Council, a political-action group.

In the spring of 1944 I was assigned to the Communist Nationality Commission for Western Pennsylvania. I found that the commission was preparing for the American Slav Congress convention to be held in September of that year in Pittsburgh. Communist leaders had moved into Pittsburgh from New York and Cleveland to help the Western Pennsylvania Nationality Commission plan what would happen at the convention. It was decided who its speakers were to be, what names were to be proposed for the national committee, what officers should be elected, what resolutions it was to pass.

In January a preliminary conference had decided that the convention should go on record as demanding a second front. At that point the United States was Russia's ally, and while to those in the party howling for a second front was a directive they had got straight from Moscow, none of those who sat in on this preliminary conference anticipated trouble in making it seem a patriotic thing for the convention

to do. In addition, on May 27, 1944, a conference in Cleveland, attended by seventy-five delegates, voted that a stand be taken for a second front when the convention assembled in the fall. Whether Russia's Allies were militarily ready for a second front and how many lives would be lost needlessly if one was opened prematurely were beside the point. The way it turned out, jockeying the convention into following this particular party-line directive was made unnecessary by the fact that June 6, 1944, was D day in Normandy. After that the kind of second front Stalin had been demanding was an accomplished fact.

We wanted to make sure that the convention provided money for the American Slav Congress, which we were planning to change into a party front. As a result, I was told to go back to my Western Pennsylvania nationality group and see to it that the question of making contributions to the congress at the convention was taken up in the preconvention meetings of Slovenian fraternal organizations and in the unions whose membership had a Slovenian majority.

I succeeded in having such contributions voted upon favorably in the fraternal-organization meetings and in the union meetings. But I'd been taught enough about how such things should be done so that I did not make such motions myself. I persuaded nonparty members to make them for me. It wasn't hard to get the motions passed, for in 1944 very few people in the congress realized that it was being used as a communist front. It is my guess that at that point not more than (Continued on Page 50)





*A cinema patron we know*



*Used to squirm in his seat,  
to and fro.*



*Said a person behind,*



*"Arrow Shorts never bind,*



*And now, we can all  
see the show!"*



*No chafing  
center seam*

**Five models:** all-elastic waistband... elastic waistband with Gripper fasteners... elastic or tie sides... adjustable back with buttons or Gripper fasteners. Sanforized-labeled. By the makers of Arrow Shirts, Ties, Sports Shirts, Handkerchiefs.

**ARROW  
SHORTS**

\$1.25 \$1.50 \$1.65 • Arrow Undershirts, 85¢ up

## I POSED AS A COMMUNIST FOR THE FBI

(Continued from Page 35)

5 per cent of its members were knowingly working with the Communist Party, and not all of that 5 per cent were communists. Among them were a number of liberals and socialists who thought they could work with communists without swallowing the revolutionary preachings of communism.

The way we engineered that convention was typical of the party's tactics when it is functioning smoothly. I was one of twelve party members assigned to handle it. There were 2200 delegates representing 500,000 people, but we twelve engineered things in such a way that the program the convention adopted was actually the Communist Party program for that year. Not that it was recognizable as such by the convention. We wrapped around it a cover of proposals and resolutions that any good American would be glad to support, such as plans to help the needy. But under that cover we saw to it that there was a solid core of party propaganda. To name only one move, a resolution was passed approving a suggestion that the president of the congress, Leo Krzycki, send a greeting to Stalin, secretary general of the Central Committee of the Communist Party, paying a glowing tribute to the Red Army. Since Stalin's title is Secretary General of the Central Committee of the Communist Party, the title of "secretary" is regarded by all communists as the most potent one a party member can hold.

We were especially interested in who was to be the Communist Party's candidate for the key job of executive secretary of the Slav Congress. The Communist Party feels that if it can place one of its members in the executive-secretary position of a mass organization or in the job of organizer in a union, it can control its policies. George Pirinski, who had been trained in the Soviet Union and sent to this country to help the Communist Party in the United States, was elected.

The Pittsburgh office of the FBI covered that convention thoroughly. I was its inside man and a number of agents handled it from other angles. The convention was held at the Carnegie Music Hall, and by a strange "coincidence" most of those employed at the Music Hall while the convention was in session, such as attendants and ushers, were FBI agents. This resulted in an amusing incident. A communist agent from overseas, who was anxious to get his report through to the party bigwigs in Europe without delay, had set up his office in the Mummy Room of the Carnegie Museum, which was under the same roof. The congress had also gained permission to use parts of that building for its overflow activities. He was sitting there typing out his report before transmitting it by short wave, when one of the FBI agents, who was posing as a Music Hall attendant, gave in to an irresistible impulse to play a joke on him. He locked that Soviet agent in with the mummies and let him stay there cooped up with them for a couple of hours before he "discovered that he'd made a mistake" and let him out.

I have a reason for describing in detail how we controlled that Slav Congress. It explains how the Communist Party is able to control many front or-

ganizations without the members of those organizations realizing that they are being used. Our Slav Congress job was put over by the Communist Party's Nationality Commission. But its other commissions—its Trade-Union Commission, its Political Commission, its Negro Commission, to name three—all work in the same way.

The American Slav Congress had been organized in 1938 by a group of Slavic Americans who were interested in the welfare of the Slavic people in the United States. Starting as a tri-state body—Western Pennsylvania, Eastern Ohio and West Virginia—it grew into a national one. Then, within six years, the Communist Party had taken it over. At present the American Slav Congress is discredited from the standpoint of being able to influence Americans of Slavic extraction.

After that 1944 convention I was instructed to work with the American Committee for Yugoslav Relief. The Communist Party planned to use that committee for two purposes: to raise money and to build up the Tito legend.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

## SCOOPER-DOOPER- SUPER SUNDAE, ONLY 50 CENTS

By Loyd Rosenfield

Now that I'm grown and can afford

Three scoops of green ice cream  
Deluged with torrents of hot fudge  
And fruit jam, down which stream

Pecans and cherries, rampant on  
A split-banana throne,  
My stomach gets what it demands:  
A plain vanilla cone!

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

We did quite a job for the Yugoslavian dictator. Many Yugoslavian people had given their lives for Yugoslavia, but Tito and his communists were given credit for almost all the efforts made by all the Yugoslavs in the war.

It wasn't hard for the American Committee for Yugoslav Relief to raise money, for the starving children of Yugoslavia had a sure-fire appeal. Everyone wants to help a starving child. Unfortunately for the children of Yugoslavia, part of the money raised for them went to build up the Tito myth and part of it was wasted in paying thirty-seven committee workers to do the jobs three could have done. Only 15 per cent of the relief funds was used for relief. But by listing exorbitant values for the clothing collected and purchased, as well as for such supplies as medicine, it was made to seem that we spent about 50 or 60 per cent of the relief money for relief. It was an open secret that some of the comrades handling those items had been caught selling them and pocketing the proceeds.

Over and over again we resorted to the communist strategy of using a small, highly trained minority as a lever with which to move an unorganized, unsuspecting majority. Out of a board of thirteen that ran the Slovenian Council, only four of us were communists. But by using another favorite commie tactic—talking so long and so loud that we wore out those who opposed us—we were able to influence that board's policy.

When the Tito-Stalin split came, it was up to the four comrades on the Slovene Council board to persuade the nine others to accept our new "Tito is an enemy of the people" line. Having been taught to think of Tito as a demigod, the nine other board members found the change hard to make. But we argued two of the nine into not taking any position on the question at all. Then I whispered to my three other comrades on the committee, "Keep on arguing until enough of the others get tired and go home, thus giving us a voting edge." We began to talk at nine o'clock in the morning. By seven that night so many of the nine others had left that, eliminating the two we'd talked into taking no stand, we four were a majority of those that remained.

I was also one of those who helped rig the Pittsburgh Civil Rights Congress. I met with District Communist Chairman Steve Nelson and Theresa Turner, the wife of Andy Onda, a steel organizer and party member, in the offices of the American Slav Congress in the Berger Building. Together we drew up plans which we thought would insure communist control of the organization. The Pittsburgh Civil Rights Congress itself was organized in the office of Hymen Schlesinger, lawyer for the Communist Party. I was named finance chairman of the congress, and Theresa Turner was its executive secretary. Schlesinger was chairman of its legal committee.

Getting back to the American Slav Congress, one of the things that we twelve party workers who manipulated the congress made sure of was that at least one member of the party's Nationality Commission landed a key role on the congress's nominations and credentials committees. Having the credentials committee in our pocket was all-important to us. We wanted to make sure that those credentials remained in communist hands after the convention was over, to fatten our sucker lists of people who could be persuaded to let us use their names to sponsor party-front organizations.

Those of us who were assigned to line up a smoke screen of sponsors' names for a party front would sit down together and go over the master sucker lists of those who seemed our best bets. There were over 5000 names on the one we used locally. The one we used nationally included names from all over the entire United States.

Among the names on these lists were congressmen, clergymen, union leaders, scientists, educators, businessmen and leaders in the professions. A number of lawyers were listed, and at least one judge. Many of these were innocent dupes, but some of them knew the real nature of the work to which they lent their names.

There are two types of communist-front organization. The first type consists of the groups that start out with a goal that no one can object to, and are then taken over by the party. The second type is made up of "phony fronts." A phony front is one that is invented by the communists, after which an impressive list of prominent names is lined up to give a flavor of liberal respectability on the group's official letterheads and in newspaper advertisements. The Labor Press Committee was such a phony front. It was created to raise funds for the Communist Party, and especially for its papers, the Sunday and Daily Worker. Some of these phony fronts consisted of only two or three party members. The Labor Press Committee had only two. I was one of

(Continued on Page 52)



*It's loved alike by young and old*

*It's m-mighty good!*

*It's Meadow Gold!*



## Meadow Gold Orange Sherbet

The golden, sun-ripe oranges on the package tell you at a glance—it's Meadow Gold Orange Sherbet.

Cool, refreshing. And rich in the natural juice of sweet, ripe oranges. Meadow Gold Sherbets and Ice Cream come in all popular varieties. Each has its own gay, distinctive package—with pictures that identify the flavor in a flash. Ask for Meadow Gold at your favorite fountain or food store. And pick the flavor by the package!

© 1950, BEATRICE FOODS CO.

(Continued from Page 50)

them. A comrade named Mike Hanusiak was the other one.

I sat in Pittsburgh restaurants with Mike over cups of coffee while we voted each other into office as the committee's secretary and chairman. In our publicity releases we talked about the "broad masses" we represented. We two were the "broad masses." We'd sit there and first I'd vote for myself for chairman, then Mike would vote for himself. Finally he'd break the tie by getting up and going to the washroom. When he came back, I'd tell him, "While you were gone I elected myself chairman and you secretary."

It's probably more accurate to call such phony fronts communist adjuncts. But front or adjunct, we had little trouble getting permission to list the names of many outstanding Americans on the stationery of those organizations. Not long ago I read about a woman who admitted at a Washington hearing that she'd belonged to twenty-eight different organizations, many of them officially listed as subversive. She testified that she hadn't known that any of the twenty-eight were commie fronts. I can't imagine anyone, even a starry-eyed liberal, being that naïve. One explanation may be that it's almost unheard of for sponsors to attend meetings of many of the groups that use their names. The rea-

son for that is simple. Most of those groups never hold a meeting.

After we'd selected the names we wanted, we'd write those people letters, call them on the phone or pay them a visit. We used a variety of approaches. If we were assembling names for a civil-rights front and visited a Negro minister, we stressed how anxious the front would be to defend the rights of his people. If we dropped in on a union leader, we harped on how the United States Government is trying to destroy trade-union rights through bills that regulate their activities. Then we'd give him our "The FBI Gestapo Police are being used to fight the unions" routine. In approaching a professor we used our "higher-level" talk. With them our line was "Freedom of thought and expression are in danger in this country, and certainly you must be interested in keeping education unfettered."

When we drew a bead on a scientist after September, 1949, we used our "A-bomb" line. We'd tell him that in the Soviet Union atomic energy is being developed for peaceful purposes, whereas in the United States it is controlled by the military for war making. We'd pull out all the stops about how in the Soviet "the people are getting the benefits of atomic energy, while in the United States those benefits are being kept by the money-makers and the bosses for their own personal gain."



## The Perfect Squelch

THROUGHOUT World War II enlisted personnel were bedeviled by the sharp distinctions made between officers and those in the ranks. This became even more noticeable as the war gradually left former front-line areas far to the rear. With tranquillity came all the regimentation, spit-and-polish discipline and "Officers Only" signs imaginable. Where officers could purchase liquor at a bar, enlisted men were lucky to get beer. Where officers could buy at the post exchange at almost any time, enlisted men could patronize it only during specified hours. And, needless to say, the officers took all the time of the service nurses in the nearly womanless islands of the Pacific.

On one such island a private was playing under a tree one Sunday afternoon with a mongrel dog his squad had befriended. A young lieutenant and his girl friend, an Army nurse, strolled by. The nurse, notorious for looking blankly past anyone without officer's insignia, patted the dog on the head. The dog, not too friendly with strangers, received the attention with very little demonstration.

"What's the matter with your dog, private?" the nurse asked. "Why doesn't she want to play with me?"

"Perhaps, ma'am," came the reply, "she knows she's an enlisted man's dog."

—T. E. WAYLAND.

The Post will pay \$100 for authentic, unpublished "squelch" anecdotes. Manuscripts must be typewritten. Those not acknowledged within a month should be regarded as declined. The Post cannot undertake to return unacceptable ones.



I've talked to many liberals who thought sincerely that they were "using" the communists as their tools in striving for a worthy goal. The truth is that the communists laughed behind their backs at the childishness of such a notion. We used a vulgar, razzberrying nickname for the influential and important people who lent their names to our fronts, but it is unprintable in any magazine read by decent people.

Among the party's fellow-travelers are a number of financial angels. Two of them in Pittsburgh made sizable contributions to it each month. Yet, financially, the Communist Party in Western Pennsylvania has always been a pain in the neck to the national organization. When I sat on the party's organizational committee, I read its financial reports, and invariably they showed that the national office of the Communist Party had to support our district to the tune of thousands of dollars a year. One year when we found it impossible to meet our budget, we were told that if we raised another \$7000 with our fund drive, the national office would match it.

A large part of the party's bank roll in the United States comes from communist-front organizations, but if fund drives, special assessments and the diversion of sums from party fronts fail to foot the bill, the money to carry on the party's program is available from sources outside of the United States. At one communist meeting I heard the chargé d'affaires of the Yugoslav Embassy in Washington, D.C., make a plea for an activity in which he was especially interested. He added, "If the money for it is not forthcoming, don't worry about it. I'll see that it's provided."

One of the ways the Communist Party in the Pittsburgh district was subsidized by front organizations was through their buying advertising space in the local foreign-language newspapers that were controlled by communists. But ads placed in party-line papers was not the only method used to subsidize the party. It was also done by buying time on a radio program. The Pittsburgh communists had a program called Keep America Free. It went out over Station WLOA in nearby Braddock. We had convinced the station that we would restrict ourselves to cultural matters, such as educational discussions and music, but that kind of presentation lasted only the first five minutes of our first broadcast. After that we switched to communist political preaching and pounded away on that theme for weeks. The manager of the station was engaged in constant warfare with the party member who was the program's master of ceremonies and who planned most of it.

The Gdynia-America Steamship Line footed the bill for spreading procommunist propaganda by buying time on the Polish news hour. This line owns the ship Batory, on which Gerhard Eisler stowed away when he skipped the United States, and which also took Gubitchev home. Theoretically, the Gdynia-America was trying to drum up passenger trade, but actually it spent most of the minutes allotted to it emphasizing how wonderful life was in Poland under a Cominform-dominated regime.

When it comes to planting a knife in the back of a congressman or any other officeholder the communists want to purge out of his job, a handful of comrades can do a neat and effective bit of back-stabbing. As a case in point, take one Pittsburgh congressman to whom we gave the bum's rush. Once we Pitts-

burgh communists were given our instructions, we began to ring doorbells in his district and hold forth during lunch hours in industrial plants, pointing out his shortcomings. Before we left each voter, we doorbell ringers had dumped a load of propaganda garbage on the doorstep.

In picking the kind of garbage that would stink most effectively, we considered the kind of district we were covering. If it had a large labor population, we referred to the officeholder we were trying to eliminate as "anti-labor." If it was a Catholic neighborhood, we called him "a Ku-Kluxer at heart." In a Jewish neighborhood, we implied that he was anti-Semitic. If our smear campaign appeared to be going over well, we brought out our No. 1 stench bomb and intimated that the purgee was a sex pervert. We always gathered material for such groin kickings by a careful scrutiny of our victim's private life in a search for his weak spots. Anything he had ever said or had ever written was grist for our mill if it could be twisted into damaging propaganda when it was lifted out of its context.

It may be generally known by this time that when a communist-adjunct group attracts so much bad publicity that it's hard for it to sign up new members, it conceals its identity under a new name without altering either its membership or its objectives. But even if this is no secret, it seems worth repeating. This is the reason why the label "Labor Youth League" replaced the label "American Youth for Democracy," which, in turn, replaced the label "The Young Communist League." Before I quit my FBI undercover job, I was told that the Communist Party is preparing to change the "Labor Youth League" label again, because recent exposés have damaged its usefulness.

One heresy never committed by a party member is to question the party line, once it is handed down. That is, he doesn't question it if he wants to remain a party member. When the party made its 1945 switch that resulted in Earl Browder's being demoted as its American head, all of us who belonged to it were put through a four-month period of soul searching and admitting our sins. During that time we stood up in meetings and repented for having let ourselves think for even a moment that communism could co-operate with capitalism, although after Hitler attacked the Soviet, we'd been told by the Daily Worker and by Browder himself in an official party pamphlet that such co-operation was necessary and would be permanent.

It was during this soul cleansing that I pulled a boner that might have ended with my being tossed out of the party. Before I got the new pitch through my head, I was stupid enough to say to a number of leading comrades, "I don't see why communism can't get along with a progressive brand of capitalism." I had my ears pinned back by those who were already slanted in the new direction. "What do you mean, 'progressive capitalism'?" they asked. "Maybe you need to go back to a Marxist-Leninist school and learn all over again." After that I only opened my mouth to admit how "sinful" I'd been.

Watching Browder get it taught me another lesson in communism. It's the party's creed that the party comes first, and nuts to the individual, no matter how hard he's worked or how valuable he's been. Each member of the party is regarded as expendable, even Comrade Joe himself, and I'm not trying to ring in a light touch by saying

# It's Wise TO SMOKE EXTRA-MILD FATIMA

"I agree..."

says REPORTER LEE SILVER,  
writer for one of New York's  
greatest newspapers.



**KING-SIZE FATIMA**  
is the long cigarette which  
contains the finest Turkish  
and Domestic Tobaccos,  
superbly blended to make  
it EXTRA-MILD...to give i  
a MUCH DIFFERENT, MUCH  
BETTER flavor and aroma.

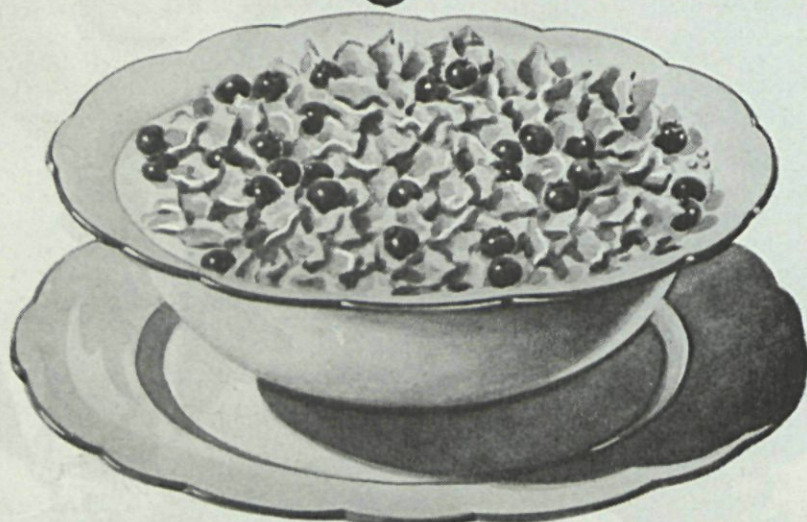
ENJOY **FATIMA** YOURSELF  
...BEST OF ALL LONG CIGARETTES



# Mom's Big Fella!



## Goes Big For PEP



## the "BUILD UP" WHEAT CEREAL

Crispy! Delicious! Crackling with all the nourishing goodness of wheat! PEP has more "builder-upper" vitamins than any other ready-to-eat wheat flakes cereal.

Only PEP supplies a full day's need of "Sunshine" Vitamin D in every bowl-

ful. Only PEP is twice as rich as whole wheat in Vitamin B<sub>1</sub>. It contains iron too—essential for good, red blood.

So—for a bone-growing, muscle-building, tooth-developing, energy-giving breakfast—serve delicious Kellogg's PEP with cool, fresh milk.



"Comrade Joe." In our closed meetings Stalin was always referred to as "Comrade Joe" or as "Comrade Stalin." It made the other comrades feel good to say, "I agree with Comrade Stalin." In their minds it put themselves on a level with the head of the firm.

The first time I was told to make my thinking do an overnight flip-flop was when Hitler attacked the Soviet in 1941. I hadn't been asked to join the party then, but I was wooing it, and I naturally flip-flopped along with the Pittsburgh commies. We were told to take the "not" out of our song The Yanks Are Not Coming, and to stop asking American mothers if they wanted their sons to be "slaughtered."

The hardest switch of all for me to make was when Stalin dropped Tito from his list of favorite people. One morning I woke up waving a flag for Tito, and before nightfall Tito was a dirty rat. The evening before, I'd watched a propaganda movie that portrayed Tito as the champion of the downtrodden; then suddenly he was a "human gorilla," "a blood-drinking ogre," "a foul betrayer of the people." I had to be quick on my pins to snap into that one.

But ideological changes weren't the only kind that I had to make as an FBI undercover man posing as a communist. In December of 1945, Patrick T. Fagan, then head of the United States Employment Service in Pittsburgh, once more called me into his office and said, "I've told you before that we don't want any Reds around here. This time you're through. You won't buy War Bonds. You're not only a slacker, you're a traitor. Civil Service status or no Civil Service status, you quit or you're fired." My commie pals had offered me a full-time job on the Yugoslav Relief Committee at sixty-five dollars a week, so I "resigned" and opened a Yugoslav Relief office in the Berger Building. By this time the FBI had upped me to fifty-five dollars a week, which, with my Yugoslav Relief Committee pay, brought me in \$120 a week.

I was the Yugoslav Relief Committee's paid secretary until December, 1946. I didn't know it at the time, but a remark that I'd made in New York in April of the previous year had made those in charge of staffing the committee think me "unco-operative." However, I wasn't booted out of my secretary job right away. My "mistake" was in complaining about how the re-

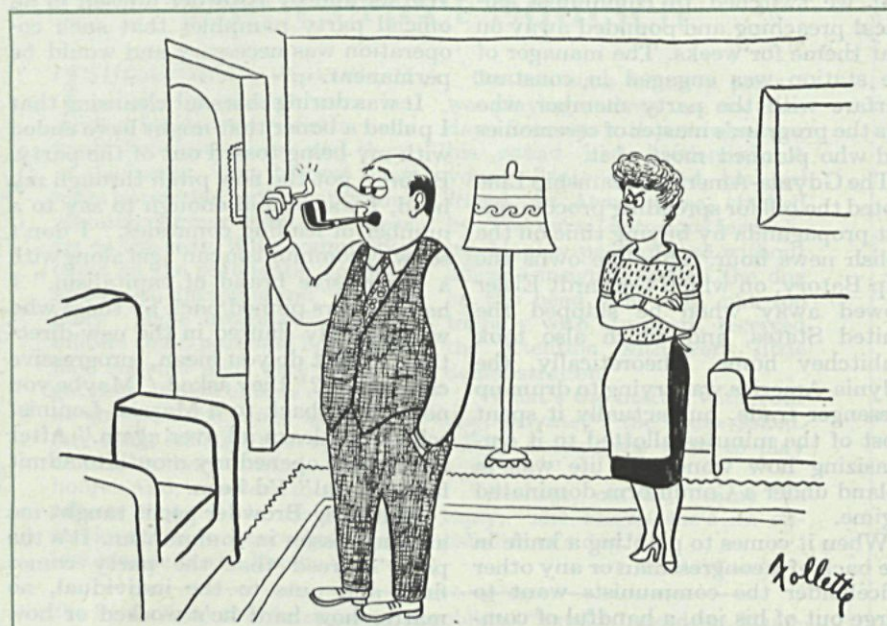
lief money seemed to evaporate before it reached its destination. When I was finally eased out of my Yugoslav Relief Committee job, I went to work as secretary of the American Slav Congress in Western Pennsylvania. The pay for that was also \$65 a week.

By that time the American Slav Congress had drifted into being an out-and-out communist propaganda machine and most of my new work had to do with preparing and issuing Communist Party releases. Under orders from Roy Hudson, who had arrived in Pittsburgh as chief party organizer, I got out releases on any issue in which the party was interested. Some of those releases went to newspapers, both foreign language and English. Others went to various fraternal organizations.

If a communist leader had been arrested or a communist-fomented riot at a struck plant had been suppressed, Roy would say, "Draw up a resolution protesting against the brutality of the police." Although the American Slav Congress of Western Pennsylvania had held no meeting and had passed no such resolution, I'd sit at my typewriter and hammer out: "The Executive Board of the American Slav Congress of Western Pennsylvania met last night and passed a resolution to be presented to the mayor protesting the conduct of his hired Cossacks."

It wasn't often that I was called upon by the party to do espionage work. That sort of thing was left to those members who specialized in it. But late in 1945 Hudson asked me to get him some facts and figures on Pittsburgh industry from the files of the United States Employment Service. (I was still working for USES at that time.) He was especially interested in finding out how many people were employed in Pittsburgh's steel, coal and electric industries, and he also wanted a list of the plants and mills that employed them. When I told the Pittsburgh FBI office about Roy's request, they said, "Get the figures for him, but let us see them before you give them to him." I copied the information, put the data back in the files and secretly took my copies around to the Pittsburgh FBI office. There they were gone over and altered so they wouldn't do Hudson any good, and I delivered them to him. I don't know what use he made of that information.

Editors' Note—This is the second of three articles by Mr. Cvetic and Mr. Martin. The last will appear next week.



"Who's prejudiced against your family? I just happen to be a good judge of character, that's all."